

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Trinity"

(feat. L-Fudge, Louis Logic)

[L-Fudge:]

I metamorph phrases to glaciers
Have 'em come together in liquid stages
Then turn down the temperature and have 'em frozen into a solid foundation
Now added to that this well produced amazement
The crash is enough, to have the world tipped off it's axis a notch
It'll take the likes of, Jedi Minds to construct new longitude lines
In order to get around but now, you're askin' for too much
When minds put together
I'm like an alternative source of energy like, electricity generators
Separators of the wack rap, to the world reknownst individuals
Played in deuce parts life's nara-rators
Rhyme gladiators, is what we're referred as
Food for thoughts taken off a plate instead you're served trash
Ikon and Logic serve as my accomplices
And bring our own form of trinity to show y'all onto this
Rhyme patterns come across as astonishing
So I have all right to feel myself to the point of genital fondlin'

We the three emcees that rock that shit
Pick your 12 inch up and knock that shit
"Louis Logic, L-L-Fudge, Ikon the verbal hologram"

[Louis Logic:]

I spread around me a viral infectious faculties
Applied chiropractically so rappers cannot come back to me
Simply outta respect, or suffer the consequence
The effect of which is that of absent father neglect
Wreakin' havoc, on egos speakin' magic
Castin' the curse on fashion emcees Parisian fabric
Send 'em wandering through the labyrinth
As far as cuttin' careers short on mics
I'm what the NYPD is to entrapment
The epitome of half-bent, yet schooled
Engineers peep the structure of my mind
Now they wonder how the math went
L was made to ascend, which is evident by my descent
Spreadin' east to west like European settlements
Sequence, but even, I'm captured
Self-destructive explosive devices react before my mind is ever mastered
Which makes me a Trojan horse of sorts
Drainin' your plasma till your rhythm section hardly contorts
My stats in the orators sport
Draw more foolish queries, than the Warren Report
And the single bullet theory

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[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]

You fuck with me and won't survive
Ikon been live since eighty five
Monosyllabic havoc that's tragic will crystalize
Hit them guys, in they eyes with fuckin' shrapnel
Bomb they castle, set fire unto they chapel
Wrap my lasso, 'round rappers who wanna battle
Hologram with two bare hands crush you to gravel
Evil raps'll, reverse time and bring diseases
Christians will worship Allah and Muslims will worship Jesus
Kill all ya leaders, with my savage lyrical thesis
Rip out my fuckin' heart and eat it before I'm defeated
The one who's seated, on the throne within a forcefield
Ya'll get tossed I'm the boss like Holden Caulfield
Raw deal, rappers decipher that schism
Followed Solomon and prodded him at ya baptism

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